AN Elegie vpon the death of the high and renowned Princesse, our late Soueraigne ELIZABETH.

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THE gentle season of the ioyous Spring,
That teaches all the little Birdes to sing,
In euery open Field, and shadie Tree,
Their sugred notes of sweete varietie,
Awakes my sleepie *Muse* awhile to play,
That in the shade of silence buried lay,
As loth to interrupt their pleasant Dittie,
With broken straines of griefe, or songes of pittie.
I graunt at first I should but lowly maske,
And not begin with such a loftie taske,
But softly warble on a Shepheardes reede,
The while my bleating flockes securely feede,
For feare the waxen winges wherewith I flie,
Should melt away with mounting vp too hie:
Yet pardon Griefe a greater fault then this,
And giue me leaue (though I haue done amisse)
A while to sing my April-song by roare,

Now euery Cuckoe learnes to tune a note:
Till *Philomela* grieuing for our wrong,
Lament our sorrow in some sweeter song:
Mine infant *Muse* begins but now to creepe,
Yet loe, already she has learnde to weepe,
To weepe for her, from whose vntimely death,
(Vntimely borne) she borrowes all her breath:
And early learnes her prayses to rehearse,
That with the fame of her immortall verse,
A neuer dying life she may obtaine,
And to her selfe a life of glory gaine.
Assist me, then (ye *Helicynian* Dames)
And with the breath of your diuinest names,
Inrich my braine, inspire my barren Quill,
And heaue my Verses higher by your skills
That I may sorrowfully sit and sing
About the bankes of your *Castalian* spring.
Or, rather, sing your selues, ye learned crew,
For who can sing so learnedly as you?
With Cypresse branches let your browes be crownd,
And lifting vp your voyces siluer sound,

With

With all your learned inſtruments in hand,
Lament the Lady of the *Faiery*-land.
Or, rather, breake your inſtruments in twaine,
Nor euer play, nor euer ſing againe,
But from your browes the veluet feathers teare,
And breake the crimſon Coronets you weare,
And weepe, and wayle, and melt away to teares,
And wring your hands, and rend your yellow heares,
For ſiluer *Cynthia* has eclipſt her light,
And with her abſence makes eternall night.
She that ſo gallantly your daunces led,
That could ſo ſweetly ſing, ſo ſoftly tread,
And with her muſicke make your Conſorts euen:
In ſcorne of earth, is gone away to heauen:
Leauing your chaſter trainers to march alone.
See where ſhe ſits vpon *Apolloes* throne,
Within whoſe golden Charet ſhe doth ride,
And of his ſiſter is become his Bride.
Lament, lament, you Sheepeheards daughters all,
And eke you Virgins chaſt, lament her fall:
The Goddeſſe of your ſports is lapt in lead,

And faire *Virginia's* faireſt Queene is dead,
Oh, come, and do her corſe with flowres embraue,
And play ſome ſolemne muſicke by her graue,
Then ſing her Requiem in ſome dolefull Verſe
Or do the ſongs of *Colin Clout* rehearſe.
Mourne, *Phœbus* mourne, and turne the day to night,
Dim'd is the Lampe, that ſhone ſo piercing bright,
Thoſe ſtarry eyes haue loſt their glorious ſight,
That lent thy Planet, and the world her light.
And you fayre golden ſkies that tooke ſuch pryde,
Where euer bleſſed *Beta* did abide.
Your azur'd curtaines ouer her to ſpread,
With ſtarres (like ſtuds of gold) embelliſhed:
Raine down freſh teares that they may drown your mirth,
And with your weeping water all the earth:
Maske vp your browes and weare your mourning coates
Nor let the birds, with their melodious notes,
The emptie ayre a Schoole of muſicke make,
As heretofore for faire *Elizas* ſake.
In ſtead of thoſe let all the fatall Fowles,
The crooking Rauens and diſaſtrous owles,

Fill euery corner with their helliſh cryes,
And with their gaſtly faces fright our eyes.
Weepe, *Flora*, weepe, and doffe thy ſpangled gowne,
And weare no more thy flower enameld crowne:
Caſt not thy Tapſtry mantels at our feete,
Nor fill the fragrant ayre with odours ſweete;
For loe, the Flower which was ſo freſh and gay,
And made Nouember like another May,
How daintily ſo ere it did compoſe
The beautie of the white and crimſon Roſe,
The Flower is parcht, the ſilken leafe is blaſted,
The Roote decay'd, and all the glory waſted.
Let *Iſrael* weepe, the houſe of *Iacob* mourne,
Syon is fallne, and *Iudah* left forlorne,
The Hill of *Hermon* drops no precious oyle,
Nor fruitfull *Baſhan*, from his fatteſt ſoile,
But *Dauids* throne has all his beautie loſt,
So farre admir'd through euery forreine coaſt.
The Paradice and *Eden* of our Land
Planted and kept by GODS Almightie Hand;

Where

Where milke and honie *Canaan* like did flow,
And Flowers of peace, and fruites of plentie grow;
Where Vines and Olives, euermore were leene,
Vines euer Fresh, and Olives euer greene:
With Brambles now and Briers is ouer-cast,
And like a desert desolate and waste.
The royall daughter of that royall King,
To whom all nations did their presents bring,
So bright of late, and glorious to behold,
Shining in garments all embroydered gold,
Esther our *Queene*, whose fame (with triumph crownd)
Haman of *Spaine* had neuer force to wound,
In spight of whom although he dar'd to striue
She has preserude her people all aliue:
This royall *Queene*, this heauens bright reflexe,
This foe of pride, this pride of all her sexe,
This *Phœnex* of the world, the worthiest *Dame*
That euer acted on the Stage of Fame:
(Hers be the ioy) to our eternall sorrow
Has payd to death this life that she did borrow.
Ah! why should spightfull Nature hide away,

So rich a treasure in the lowly clay.
And burie in the bowels of the ground
The rarest Iem the world had euer found?
Or, why, respects she not her children more?
But leaues the earth so rich, and men so poore.
Spaine, clap thy hands, and laugh while we lament,
Our Staffe is broken, and our treasure spent,
The Staffe of ioy, the treasure of our ease,
The Life, the Crowne, the glory of our Peace:
Righteous *Astræa* from the earth is banish't,
And from our sight the morning starre is vanish't
Which did to vs a radiant light remaine,
But was a Comet to the eye of *Spaine*:
From whose chaste beames so bright a beautie shin'de,
That all their whorish eyes were stricken blinde.
Beta is dead, the glory of our pride;
Oh, who had thought that *Beta* could haue dyde?
Beta is dead, the honour of her race,
That has so long vp-held the royall Mace,
Whose Predecessours all haue princes beene,
And she her selfe a Princely *Mayden-Queene*.

Farewell (ſweet Prince) where euer thou do bide,
Whether in earth, or by ſome angels ſide:
Farewell (great *Queene*) that art of God y bleſt,
Well may thy buried bones ſecurely reſt:
Beta, farewell, and let thy pureſt ſpirit
(Where euer fled) the pureſt place inherite.
Goe bleſſed ſoule, and vp to heauen climbe,
Among the Angels ſeate thee there betime,
Shine like an Angell with thy ſtarrie crowne,
And milke-white Robes deſcending fayrely downe,
Waſh't in the blood of the vnſpotted Lambe,
That ſlew the Beaſt, and made the Dragon tame.
There let thy ſacred life (moſt ſacred Dame)
Thy famous vertue, and thy vertuous Fame,
Whereof ſo many Pens haue writ the Story
Receiue the crowne of euerlaſting glory.
Feaſt euer there and feed on ſweeteſt ioy,
Without the taſt of any ſharpe anoy:
Liue euer there, in that Cœleſtiall ſkie,
Where (ſpight of death) thou neuermore ſhalt die;
Raine euer there on that *Elyzian* greene:

Eliza, well may be *Elyziuius Queene.*
And giue me leaue now I haue tuned long
The tragick accent of my dole-full Song
With *Philomela* to the ſilent darkes
Awhile to mount, and with the morning Larke
To greet that riſing Sunne, which from the North
Diſplayes his beames, and darts his glory foorth.
Diſcouer then your Chriſtall ſhining faces,
Ye learned *Muſes*, and you louely *Graces*,
Set a full Period to your wofull eryes,
And cleare your browes, and wipe your blubbered eyes,
Nor do ſo ſadly ſigh, but ſweetly ſing,
And crowne with tryumphs our created King.
See how the Sunne for ioy of our good hap
Raines ſhowres of gold into his Lemans lap:
See how the earth, to grace this ioyfull day,
Attyres her ſelfe in all her beſt array,
And paintes her coate with party colour'd flowres,
Dewd with the drops of ſweet Roſe-water ſhoures,
that gliſtring gay and ſmelling ſweete
All like a Queene ſhe might her bridegrome meete.

Harke how the feathered Quirifters do ſing
Their *Aue Cæſar*, to our crowned King,
With ſo diuine and delicate a ſound
That through the ayre the neighbouring groues rebound
The ſweete Alarums of their ſugred notes,
Tun'd with their hollow bils and ſwelling throates.
Lift vp your heads, ye Chriſtians that ſuruiue,
To ſee ſo faire a prince preſeru'd aliue,
With hands and hearts to teſtifie your mirth,
Ring peales of gladnes thorough all the earth.
Chaunt loud *Pæanes* to his loftie Fame,
And ſongs of praiſe to high *Iehouas* Name,
Who ſtill remaines as he hath ſtill decreed
A God to *Iacob*, and to *Iacobs* ſeed,
And has not left his litle flock alone,
But kept a man to ſit on *Dauids* Throne,
That he may raze the wall of *Babell* downe,
And to his kingdome adde another crowne.
Laugh not (proud *Spaine*) nor lift not vp thy creſt,
But hide thy horns thou ſeuen headed beaſt:
The day is come thou haſt ſo long expected,

Yet

Yet from thy rage our Land is ſtill protected:
Till now thy bloody thoughts on hope haue fed,
But now thy thoughts with all thy hopes be dead,
And ſtill our vine does flowriſh more and more.
In ſpight of rauening Wolfe, or raging Boare.
For though our *Deborah* be dead and gone,
Whoſe Scepter ſcourg'd the towers of *Babylon*,
Yet *Gideon* liues, and like a man of God,
Suffers not *Madian* to be *Iſraels* rod:
But tramples ſtill vpon thy crauen crowne,
And breakes thy hornes, and treads thy altars downe.
Long may he flowriſh with his royall ſeed
That from his loynes ſo frintfully proceed.
Long he may raigne and high aduance his creſt
Stretching his conquering armes from Eaſt to Weſt,
Maulgre their beards, that haue with force appointed
To lift their arme againſt the Lords anointed:
Who though but *IAMES* the firſt of that degree,
Yet Lyon-heart the ſecond he ſhall be:
The name of Lyon-heart becomes him beſt,
Witneſſe the Lyon on his Lordly breſt:

A happy ſigne, that for defence of *Syon*
Our valiant Lord will prooue a valiant Lyon.
Lo heere a ſea of ioy, a world of woe,
Yet, loe, the ſea the world doth ouer-flow,
See how our *Phœnix* mounts aboue the skies,
And from the neaſt another *Phœnix* flyes,
How happily before the change did bring
A Mayden-*Queene*, and now a manly *King*,
Whoſe Crowne and Empire does ſo widely ſtreteh,
And ouer all the Land of Brittaine reach.
Then let vs all applaud this happy day,
And with vnited voyces ſtrongly pray
That he may long our royall *King* remaine,
And peace and plentie crowne his bleſſed raine,
That victoryes ſelfe may tryumph on his Lawnce,
And through the world his honor'd Fame aduance.
So ſhall his Realme, ſo ſhall his Scepter flowriſh,
And that his Crowne, and this his kingdome nouriſh
So honour ſtill on vertue ſhall be grounded,
The ſoole deryded, and the proude confounded.
So ſhall his foes abate, his friends accrew,
And GOD haue prayſe to whome the prayſe is dew.

FINIS.